July, 1918.

PUCK

The Heart of Iris

Episode VIII

The plighted troth fulfilled, two hearts are one—
As she looks into her soldier's eyes,
Boundless the love that stirs within her breast;
She sees a courage there that never dies—
The courage of a righteous cause.

"Somewhere in France" his work is all undone
Until the sun of tyranny has set;
The few the happy hours that yet remain
Before she speeds him back to war, and yet
She cannot falter at this hour.

★

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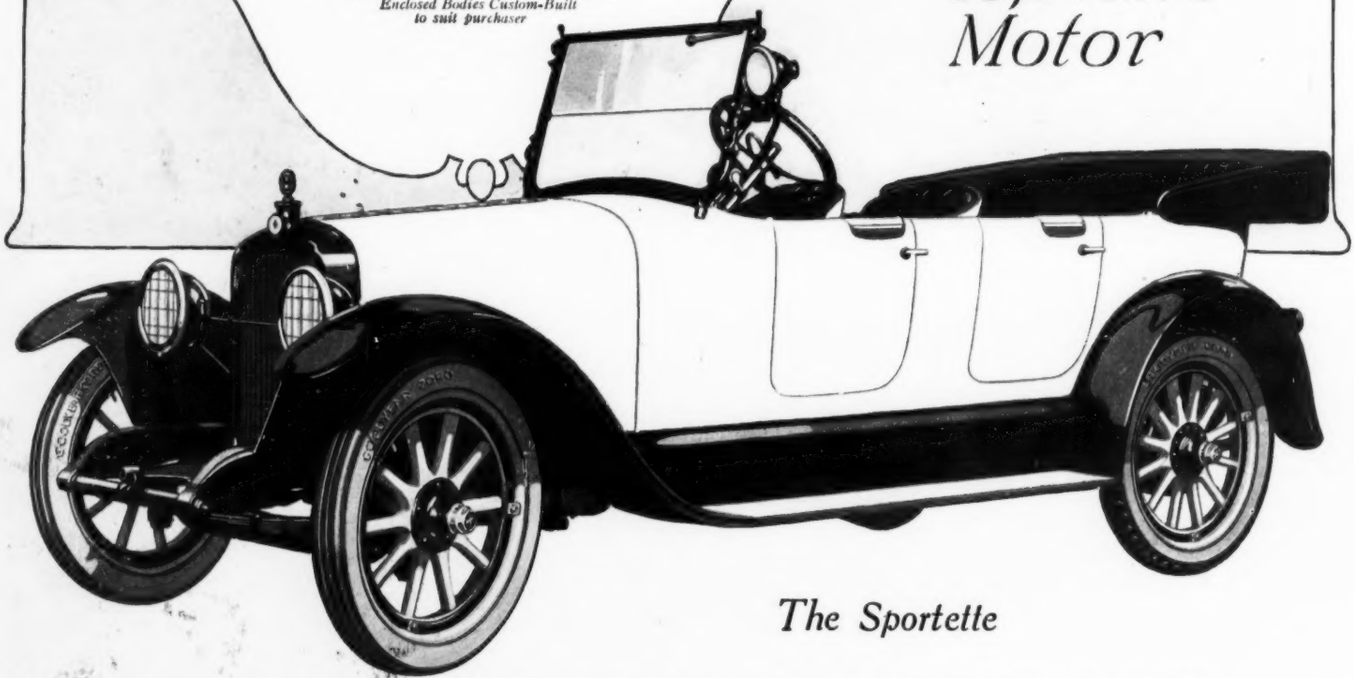

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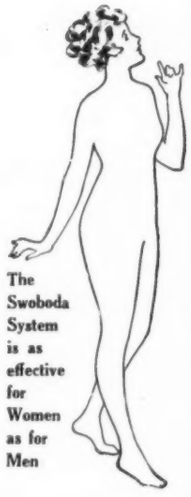

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Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real!—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

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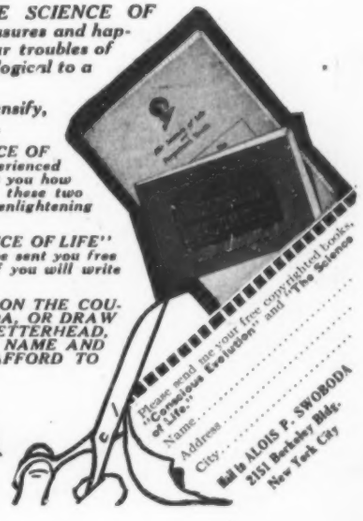
JUST WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE COUPON, TEAR IT OUT AND MAIL IT TO SWOBODA, OR DRAW A RING AROUND YOUR NAME ON YOUR LETTERHEAD, OR MERELY SEND A POSTAL GIVING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. DO IT TODAY! YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO LIVE AN INFERIOR LIFE.



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"Conscious Evolution has made me feel like a new man. That awful tiredness has left me."

"Conscious Evolution has worked wonders with me."

"I feel sprightlier, and more willing to go ahead with unpleasant tasks. I feel a certain added strength. It seems great to me."

"I am very thankful that the Lord directed me to Conscious Evolution."

"Conscious Evolution surely develops will power. It is just what I needed; in fact, should have had long ago."

"It is grand to begin to feel like a new human being through Conscious Evolution."

"Conscious Evolution has placed my digestion, my power of endurance, and my mental attitude on a higher plane."

"I feel full of energy, tireless and riotously alive at fifty-seven years of age, through Conscious Evolution."

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chuck full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Concious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

GOD tells us that we must love our enemies. He can't expect us to love His enemies! With my own eyes I have seen the work of the Hun. And no one who has not seen with his own eyes can have even a glimmer of understanding. I have sung my songs to the soldiers. I have lived with them in their camps. I have been with them in the mud and blood-soggy trenches. I have heard their tales and seen their deeds. I have visited their hospitals; I have talked with the wounded and maimed.

SOME will never more walk the shady lanes, or the little streets of their home towns; some will never gaze upon the trees and flowers on the hillside, nor look into the faces of the loved ones, but they still laugh and talk and sing. I have been in France. I realize now more than ever before that my son's life was not given in vain!

If you have a Son in service, *if you have any Friend in uniform, you will find courage and consolation in Harry Lauder's ringing words of faith. He has lived with the soldiers in the trenches. He has toured England raising money and recruits. He has spoken to millions in America—his story has sent 12,000 men into the Army. Of all these experiences Harry Lauder has written in his own simple words, lightened by inimitable flashes of kindly humor. His great book—**"A Minstrel in France"** —is now on sale.* ***Price $2.00.*** *At all booksellers, or you can order your copy by mail direct from Hearst's International Library, 119 West 40th Street, New York.*

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Vol. LXXXIII—No. 2119 *July, 1918*

PUCK

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PRIMITIVE folk may never get the genial habit of reading PUCK, but the measure of appreciation registered by those far-seeing souls who have thus far accepted the editor's invitation to express themselves frankly about their favorite journal, indicates a mighty encouraging degree of approval.

One such letter that brought a ray of sunshine into the sanctum comes from a reader in Akron, Ohio, who tells us:

> If I were Editor of PUCK, I think I would do about the same as you are doing. I have my own opinion of PUCK, expressed by the number of years I have taken it, and have already renewed for the coming year. The only thing I see wrong with it is that it doesn't come often enough.
>
> *When the whole blamed world seems gone to rot,*
> *And business on the bum,*
> *A happy grin and a lifted chin*
> *Helps some, my boy, helps some.*
>
> We get the grin in PUCK, and the last number surely lifted my chin.
> E. H. E.

Now, who is going to follow up E. H. E.'s example by writing the editor about the new PUCK?

IN the forthcoming number, Bruno Lessing describes the curious story of "A Cyprus Lamp," in the fourth of his "Tales of the Town." This will be an excellent number with which to start PUCK on its visits to someone in trench or training camp to whom the regular arrival of America's foremost satirical paper would prove a welcome reminder of the thoughts of the folks back home.

On page 34, a convenient coupon is provided for this purpose. Fill in the blanks with the name and unit of some loved one in the service, if you really wish to provide a few lighter moments amid the grim shadows of war.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President
JOSEPH A. MOORE, Vice-President JULIAN M. GERARD, Treasurer
W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York

15 cents a copy **$1.50 per year**

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Photo by A. W.

Valda Valkyrien

A beautiful young Scandinavian who danced her way not only into fame, but into the movies as well.

What Fools These Mortals Be!

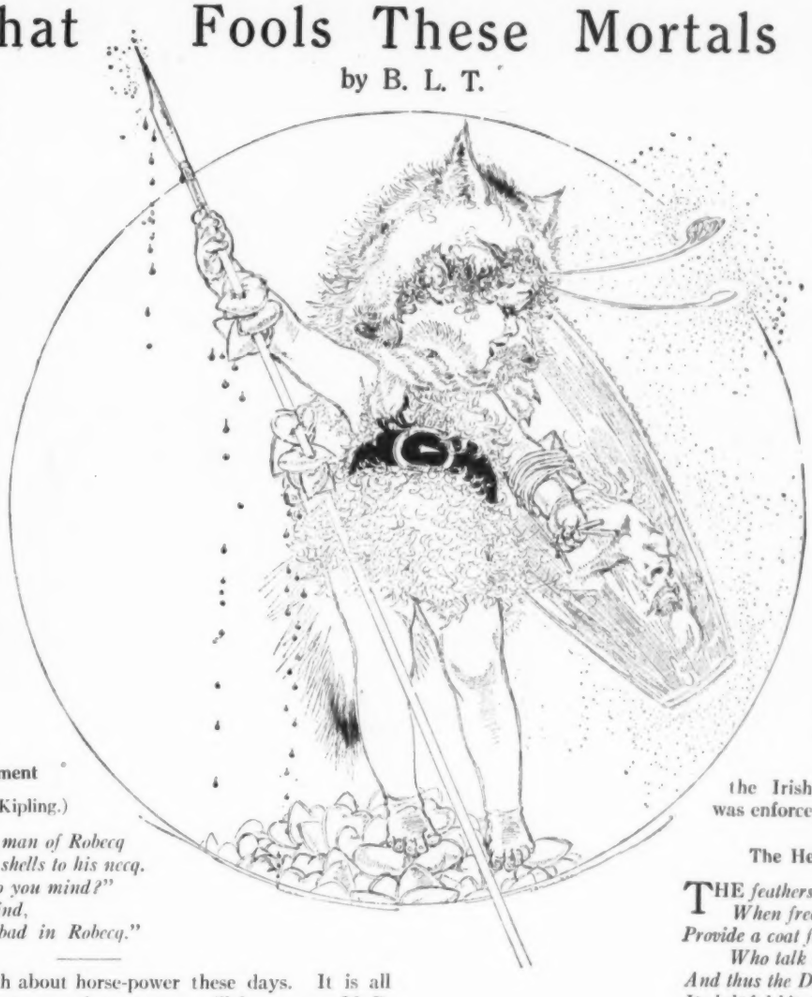
by B. L. T.

"Barber Shop for sale. Good fishing; three blocks from river. Eugene Pelletieri, Wilmot, Wis."
—*Advertisement.*

You're next, sir. 'Gene has just stepped out to get a mess of bullheads.

"A large quantity of union suits failed to reach a prominent dealer for whom they were made. We secured the entire lot under very favorable conditions."
—*Department Store Advertisement.*

My dear Watson, the most favorable conditions for such a haul are a dark night and a bit of fog.



After the Bombardment

(Var. on a theme by Kipling.)

THERE *was a young man of Robecq*
Who was buried in shells to his neck.
When they asked, "Do you mind?"
He replied, "It's a grind,
But we don't call this bad in Robecq."

One doesn't hear much about horse-power these days. It is all man-power. Perhaps next season's motor car will have a 500 M. P. engine.

THE most famous victory since the Dutch took Holland was reported from the Somme front. The Germans captured a cemetery.

The Six Best Sellers for June

The Driver	The Mashie
The Brassie	The Niblick
The Midiron	The Putter

SURNAMES are merely nicknames tagged to our ancestors in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, declares an English authority. Which is merely our innocent way of leading up to the information that Dr. Steerhoof, veterinary surgeon, has set up in business, at Huntington, Ind.

Middle West Informality

[*From the Freeport, Ill., Journal-Standard.*]

PAULINA BARBARA, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Elsasser, was christened yesterday afternoon. The babe was born in this city, in the Third ward, and Alderman Karl Kasch was among the guests who witnessed the ceremony.

THE President goes to the theater, we read, to rest his mind. Where will you find a better place in which to check your wheels? As constituted to-day, the theater makes no demands on even a one-track mind, which the President has said he possesses.

"A TANK lumbering up Pennsylvania avenue" attracted "wide attention." Eheu! In the good old wet days in Washington nobody would have paid the slightest notice.

"WE have been sending immense quantities of 'Bull' to our men at the front, and at the same time trying to supply consumers at home."

Before we discovered that the foregoing was an ad, we fancied it was a statement by the War Department.

THE war is supposed to have begun in August, 1914. But the historian may record that it did not really get started until the Irish Conscription measure was enforced.

The Helpful Dove

THE *feathers from the Dove of Peace,*
When freely mixed with tar,
Provide a coat for pacifists
Who talk against the war.
And thus the Dove contrives to do
Its helpful bit, the same as you.

"In a sun-flooded room on the ground floor of a shell-racked and shrapnel-scarred building in a devastated village on the Luneville front of the American army in France."—*War Correspondence.*

Why this discrimination against the noun France? Every other noun is accompanied by its adjective. "Bleeding" France or even "La Belle" France would have served.

You See, It Was Very Warm in Lindau

[*Blanche Slocum in the Chicago Tribune.*]

IN a police shanty at Lindau on the Swiss border I was stripped by a German woman after undergoing a polite but most vigorous cross-questioning by officers in field gray uniforms. Then with a gasp of relief I rushed aboard the little steamboat that was to carry me across Lake Constance.

Theatrical Note

"Constance Talmadge is scheduled to appear in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," and after that in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

Two seats in Row A, please!

It looks like a dry millennium.

EVER so many of our contemporaries might be ever so much more interesting if over the editor's desk there hung the motto, worked in worsted and neatly framed,

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

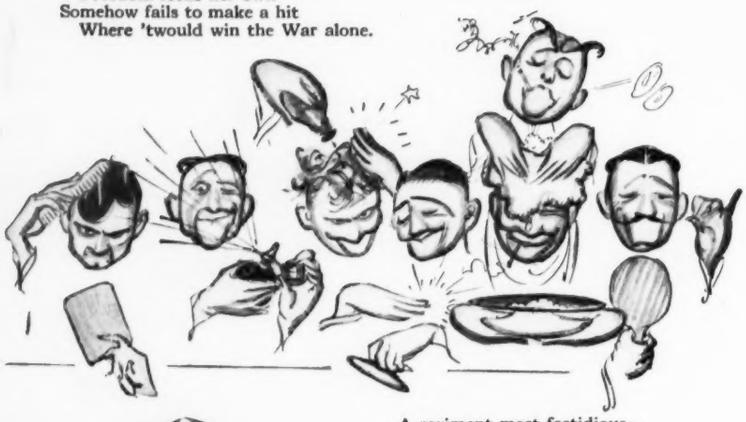
Militant Marjorie

by MICHELSON

Verses by K. M. GOODE

"Every child should do his bit;
Freedom feeds her own"—
Somehow fails to make a hit
Where 'twould win the War alone.

A new and mighty dynamite
To compound was my aim;
It left the house for miles around,
But didn't leave its name!



A regiment most fastidious—
They call it "Marjorie's Own";
A force that's most insidious
When into battle thrown.

Inspire a little every day—
Such is my wartime joy;
And oft I put all else away
To cheer the soldier boy.

One day each week, for Bolshevik,
I hold a Russian Tea;
This is a diplomatic trick
That brings me endless glee.

On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.

I **READ** in a paper.
THAT A man said.
THAT VICE conditions.
IN Philadelphia.
WERE satisfactory.
AND HE didn't say.
WHO WAS satisfied.
AND I haven't any idea.
WHAT HE means.
OR anything.

AND RIGHT now.
I CAN remember the time.
WHEN I'D go to the phone.
AND CALL up the janitor.
AND say.
"FOR HEAVEN'S sake.
"CAN'T WE have some steam!"
AND HE'D just laugh.
AND AT this very minute.
IN THE same room.
IT'S SO hot.
THAT I'M sticking to the chair.
AND I wish it was winter.
AND I'M supposed to be sane.
AND everything.

* * *

AND I heard an Irishman.
TELL ANOTHER Irishman.
THAT "PASSIVE resistance."
AS HE understood it.
WAS PASSING them bricks.

AND anyway.
WE'LL KNOW better.
THE NEXT time.
AND WE'LL fix it.
FOR TWO preliminaries.
ONE FOR Ireland.
AND ONE for T. R.
AND AFTER they're through.
WE CAN go ahead.
WITH THE main event.
WITHOUT interference.

AND THE other day.
I SAW a motion picture.
THAT WAS sent out.
BY GEORGE Creel.
OF THE government service.
AND IT showed a lot of soldiers.
BEING CARRIED on stretchers.
INTO FIELD hospitals.
AND BEING cut up.
AND OF course I know.
THEY WERE just acting.
BUT I'VE been wondering.
IF THEY made the picture.
JUST TO cheer us up.
OR FOR our entertainment.
OR what.

AND THE other day.
THERE WAS a man arrested.
FOR BEATING his wife.
BECAUSE SHE laughed.
WHEN HE cried.
AT A sad part.
IN A motion picture.

* * *

AND A U. S. Senator
WANTS ALL of our soldiers.
GIVEN A shot of booze.
WHEN THE order comes
TO GO over the top.
AND IT may be all right.
BUT SOME how.
I HAVE a feeling.
THAT THE stimulus.
OF A just cause.
SHOULD HELP as much.
AS A pint flask.
AND besides.
THERE ARE lots of soldiers.
WHO DON'T like booze.
AND IT would gag them.
AND WHAT would you think.

OF A soldier.
RUNNING around.
ON NO Man's Land.
WITH A coughing spell.
AND IF the senator.
CAN'T GET along.
WITHOUT HIS booze.
VERY WELL then.
LET HIM have it.
IF HE can get it.

BUT MOST men.
WHO CAN'T work.
UNLESS THEY have booze.
HAVE ALL sorts of trouble.
FINDING men.
WHO'LL PUT them to work.
AND AFTER a while.
THEY ALL go broke.
AND THEY can't get booze.
UNLESS THEY work.
AND THEY can't get work.

* * *

AND I ask you.
DOES THE constitution.
FOLLOW THE flag.
OR DOES the flag.
FOLLOW THE constitution.
OR WAS the first egg.
A HEN.
OR WAS the first hen.

AN EGG.
OR WHAT.
AND YOU don't know.
AND THAT'S the trouble.
ABOUT booze.
AND IT'S all right.
WHEN YOU'RE leading it.
AND IT'S all wrong.
WHEN IT'S leading you.
AND YOU never know.
WHEN IT'S leading you.
TILL IT'S leading you.
AND THERE you are.

"All of a sudden he slipped. The big bowl of soup fell all over me, and he fell downstairs on top of me."

Tales of the Town

IV.—The Palavinci Hate

by Bruno Lessing

THERE is always something soul-satisfying about an honest hatred. Of course no one would ever think of holding up Cain or Esau as models of human deportment yet, when you compare them with men of the Jeremiah type, somehow or other you cannot help respecting them a tiny bit. Jeremiah, you see, spent all his days in wailing and moaning and lamenting which gets nowhere and seems to accomplish nothing except to give the onlooker a pain. Cain and Esau, on the other hand, were practical haters and men of action.

It was with quite a thrill that I first learned of Dino Palavinci's hate. The dramatic impulse was strong in Dino and he saw to it that the news was conveyed in the proper spirit. I had called him to the table.

"Look here, Dino," I said. "What's wrong to-night? I've been sitting here nearly fifteen minutes and you haven't even brought me my soup." Dino clasped his hands, his face became radiant and I instantly saw that he had been waiting for the opportunity.

"Maybe, soon, I keel-a somebod-ee," said he, cheerfully. I compromised with Dino. If he brought me my soup, I agreed to listen. He brought it in a jiffy and then, regardless of a fat gentleman at an adjoining table who had soup but was trying to attract Dino's attention to the fact that he had no spoon, he sang his song of hate. He sang it in pure Tuscan Italian but, as his anger rose, he lapsed into Calabrian vernacular, interspread, occasionally, with a long-drawn, horribly mispronounced American blankety-blank.

"Two weeks ago," he sang, "comes that Labani. The boss sees right away he is no good and gives him the station by the wall where the draught is and only the new people will sit. So soon I lay eyes on that Labani, I say to myself, 'Dino, beware! There is one big snake in the grasses!' Last week—ah, signor, you know the sad story. The boss he go to heaven. We have the grand funeral and I spend two dollars for the flowers. Then the Signora—she got very little brains—she go behind the counter and the business go on like before only all to pieces.

"Maybe, soon, I keel-a somebod-ee!" said he, cheerfully.

"So, one day, I say to the Signora, 'Look-a here,' I say, 'the business is getting more and more rotten every day. A long time it has been on the bum. The poor, dear boss had a good heart, but he didn't know much about the restaurant business. Now you make me manager, and, hoop-la! you see the business go up. Pretty soon, bye-and-bye, I be a partner.' Then I see the Signora she smile and fix her hair and look over my shoulder and I look around. Ah! Already in my bones I feel it. There is that Labani, smiling at her. Then he say.

" 'Ah, Signora,' he say, 'this little Dino is very good for waiter, but when it comes to manager you need somebod-ee more better-looking. Beside it ain't nice for Dino to say bad things about the boss—rest his soul in peace—what he ain't dead yet for three days."

Dino gazed at me to see if I had grasped the full significance of Labani's attitude and could measure the depth of his perfidy. I nodded.

"How about some fish?" I asked. Dino gathered up my soup plate and tureen, leaned against the wall, and went on with his story.

"The Signora—did I tell you she got very little brains?—she give me the icy look and say, 'How dare you say a word against my poor, dead husband?' What you think of that? Me, Dino Palavinci who would not raise his little finger (*Continued on page 31*)

Another Debt to Our Ally

Miss Peggy Marsh, of the Alhambra, London, who is repeating at the Century Grove the success she achieved in "deah ol' Lunnon" as a dancer of rare charm.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

"On the Bridge at Midnight"

The "bridge" in this instance being Mr. Ziegfeld's movable stage for the Midnight Frolic, and the lady, Miss Ann Pennington, whose dancing contributes a large measure of joy to the merry show on the New Amsterdam Roof.

Photos by Abbe

'Mid Springtime Revelry

Photo by Abbe

In spite of her uncompromising neutrality, Spain performed an act of marked friendliness in sending us Miss Fenita de Soria of "Flo-Flo."

Miss Carroll McComas, who plights her troth in "Oh, Lady, Lady," and discovers that it is SOME *plight.*

Photo by Campbell Studio

Miss May Brooks frolics midnightly atop the New Amsterdam Roof.

Photo by Abbe

A Lesson from "The Little Teacher"

by
ALAN DALE

Campbell Studio

"A pale, gentle, wistful personality sat opposite me."

A PALE, gentle, wistful personality sat opposite me in the drawing room of the Hotel Astor, and there appeared to be so little of the theater about it, that I at least might have been accused of a lack of my own element. The owner of the pale, gentle, wistful personality was none other than Miss Mary Ryan, "The Little Teacher," and the strange thing about our meeting was that I had known her when she was a very, very little girl, and I — had only just started on my career of impertinence. And we had never met since!

Really, I felt quite sentimental, and foolish, and "different." Little Miss Ryan, who wears her name nowadays in fat, black type was as diffident and unassuming as though she had never been inside a theater's stage door, and the popular idea of an "actress" she certainly did not realize. (The popular idea of course is blazingly blonde hair, shriekingly red cheeks, and blatantly loud clothes — and you can never eliminate that popular idea.) Years ago, I used to know her father, an Irish comedian called J. H. Ryan, long forgotten.

"You used to have long fluffy hair, and everybody called you Mamie," I said to the actress.

"And you were a jolly youth with very black hair," she remarked to the critic. Then we looked at each other. The sedate tresses of the actress were neatly confined beneath a quiet *toque*. The hair of the critic had vanished, with scarcely a trace left to tell the tale. It seemed rather sad, at least to the critic who had lost his hair.

"Do you know what I was doing in those days?" asked Mary Ryan wistfully.

"You were a stage child," I replied promptly.

"I used to carry messages to actresses for Mrs. Fernandez," she went on, still wistful. "You know there were no telephones. Mrs. Fernandez, who had the stage agency, sent me with letters to actresses, asking them to call or telling them to see certain managers. She was very, very good to me. She was good to all children. She loved them. No matter what happens to me, I shall never forget Mrs. Fernandez. I loved her, and — I love her memory."

There was a suspicion of moisture in the eyes of Miss Ryan. She was so sincere and so utterly untheatrical, that I was touched.

"She used to take me to her home in Mount Kisco, and keep me there for nothing. You see, we were awfully poor in those days, and I had to do all I could to help out. It was very difficult, but I was too young to worry."

"Today, you *would* worry under such circumstances?"

"No," she replied with her wan smile, "that is something I never do. I am a philosopher. I believe that the things I should have will come to me. If they don't come, it is proof to me that they would be useless. I never worry. What is the use?"

I read a book called "Why Worry?" and the only answer to the query, as far as I could make out, was another query: "Why Not?"

"One day," little Miss Ryan continued, "Mother Fernandez said she was going to send me to Chicago to a stock company. 'I want you to join the company,' she said, 'and I want you to play every rôle you possibly can. Play boys, and servants, and colored people, and ingénues, and old characters. It will be the one thing that will fit you for the stage — the only thing.' Dear old Mrs. Fernandez! She knew. So I took her advice, and I joined that stock company, and to that fact I attribute my stage education.

"It was a great experience. I played all the Maude Adams parts; I played slaves, and I even did a heavy rôle in 'Madame Sans Gêne.' And the first time I came to New York I appeared in a failure entitled 'The Forbidden Land.'"

Mary Ryan smiled. Hers is a charming smile, one that hovers around the eyes, and dimples the mouth. But it is always pensive.

"I'm awfully ignorant in a way," she confessed dimplingly, "and there is nothing I know but the stage. Otherwise, I suppose I should have gone into a shop, or done work of that kind. Mrs. Fernandez wanted to see me an actress as I had such traditions. I have been brought up in the odor of grease paint. I have listened to nothing but stage topics, and really, I cannot talk on any other subject."

I looked at the sedately clad little figure sitting opposite me in the drawing room of the Astor, and again, I found it hard to realize that she was an actress — and not only an actress by choice, but by inheritance. I've seen little ingénues of one meager season look infinitely more theatrical.

"You must hate the theater," I suggested.

"I love it," said Mary Ryan. "I really do. I am not fond of it merely for the reason that I get my living by it. I love it for itself. When I am not acting I go to the theater every night, and — I buy my seats!"

"What!" I exclaimed aghast.

"Always," she declared laughing. "Why not? I live by the theater, and why should I not spend the money I earn in that way *on* the theater? I never ask for complimentaries — never. I go there and revel in everything I see. I adore seeing others act. Besides one learns so much from it, and it is an education in itself. But I am not theater-crazy. There is no obsession in it. I just don't know anything else. I suppose it is a dreadful confession to make, but it is quite true. I am simply saturated with theater."

"Don't you think 'The Little Teacher' frightfully sweet?" I asked.

Mary Ryan looked at me timidly, as it were. I fancy that she does own a sense of humor, but it is not in the ascendant — and really, I believe that after all, a sense of humor should be kept

down. It is such a nuisance when it bobs up incessantly, and frequents solemn places, as it loves to do. Mine gets me into all sorts of complications. Miss Ryan's is at least well-behaved, and held under the leash.

"'The Little Teacher' is happy," she replied, seriously, "and that is why I like it. It is optimistic, and — don't you think that we need all our optimism today? Not only today, either. Life calls for optimism all the time. A play like 'The Little Teacher' may not meet with the approval of men, but it does make an irresistible appeal to women and children, and that is the main thing. Look at Maude Adams! Her success everywhere is due to the fact that women and children love her. Of course when women go to the theater, they drag the men with them."

"You have to rely upon the down-trodden men after all," I suggested.

"Oh, yes," she answered, smiling in her pensive manner. "I admit that."

"And the play is a success?"

"I hope so," she replied. "That is a question I never bother about. I never look at the front of the theater. If I should see a poor house it might affect me, and I prefer not to know. I can do better work. At any rate, the money question is something foreign to me. I don't care about money. I don't want to be rich. I suppose that I am not terribly material. I have been very poor in my day, and I did not mind it, except that it made things difficult."

This was surely no pose. That I knew. Little Miss Ryan — who in private life is Mrs. Forest — was so little interested in the fact that I was really "interviewing" her that half the time we discussed matters that would be absolutely foreign to a chat. For instance, we talked about the New Thought, and of literature that stimulated one's spiritual side, and Miss Ryan confessed that she loved the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Trine. She was a great believer in his book entitled "In Tune with the Infinite." Now you know, that isn't a greenroom topic at all. At least it never has been in my experience.

Campbell Studios

"Of course, when women go to the theater they drag men with them."

"Once," said Mary Ryan, "I read a story called 'The Miracle Man' and it held me entranced. When I heard that it was to be dramatized, I made up my mind that I could never be happy until I appeared in it. Well, Messrs. Cohan and Harris thought it was not suited to me. I never appeared in it. But — and this is where my life's philosophy comes in — something far better happened. The play 'On Trial' was produced, and in that I was given a part that made me utterly happy. That part did a great deal for me — something that 'The Miracle Man' would never have done. So you understand why I never worry. The things I covet are not always the things that make for my happiness."

Little Miss Ryan made me think. She was teaching me things that I vaguely knew. The tiny maiden with the fluffy hair of long ago has not wasted her life. She had acquired the "art" of life—at least of happy life.

"Have you ever been in the pictures?" I asked, feeling that after all, it was wisest to keep to stereotyped topics.

"Oh," said Miss Ryan, "I had one experience, and I loved it. I appeared in the 'Stop Thief' picture, and I was frightfully anxious about it. You see, I am not a raving beauty, and I have a little pointed nose that I am a bit sensitive about."

Miss Ryan turned her profile towards me, and I saw the little pointed nose. It was quite sharp.

"I thought that it would register dreadfully," she admitted, "but it didn't. The screen is very relentless, and everything you want to conceal appears mercilessly. If you have one blemish, the films will find it out. There is no subterfuge! Well, I was fortunate in finding a perfertly charming director, and he made things very easy for me. I was very pleased with the way I came out. I didn't look so bad after all. I am bound to say that I enjoyed the experience tremendously, although I realize that I am not a subject for the screen. I don't think the pictures invariably need brains, but they do need beauty. A Billie Burke or a Jane Cowl are film subjects. Still, there is a certain art about it. There are some un-pretty women who are wonderful picture subjects. Take for instance Mae Marsh. I love (*Continued on page 33*)

A Brown* Study

Even so accomplished a dancer as Miss Brown finds time for reflection at the shrine of Dan Cupid—or is it that little imp Puck himself?

Photos by Campbell Studio

In her more frivolous moments—since all these poses are in deadly earnest—Miss Jessica Brown contributes to the merriment of the Century Grove.

* PUCK's *only pun in forty-odd years.*

Photo by Abbe

Photo by Marcia Stein

Broadway's Own Arabian Nights

Roshanara has turned the tables on this "Old Man of the Sea." The dainty dancer of "Sinbad" entices the many-hundred-years-old turtle to a swift burst of speed on the highly speculative promise of an orange—or is it an ancient pomegranate?

The Temptation: A Decis

A Decision in the West

"C'est la Guerre!"

Not the least of the changes it has wrought are in the opinions we used to hold of our esteemed neighbors.

by RALPH BARTON

There is Tony, the organ-grinder, the peanut-and-fruit-chapman. Four years ago we would have given our oath that all Italians, including the King and Caruso, dressed like this when at home.

Whoever dreamed that *he* could get himself positively all dressed-up, and be one of the smartest looking soldiers in the European fracas?

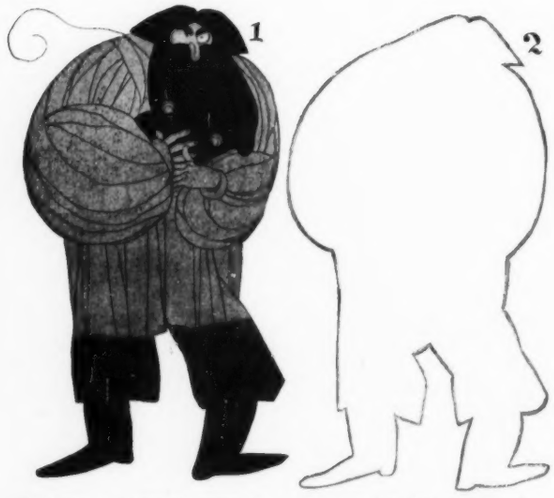
Then there is England. From birth until four years ago, we firmly believed the "tight little isle" to be peopled with a race of animated tweed containers, ten inches in diameter by six to eight feet in length, filled with Scotch and soda. It took the War to set us right as to just what sort of tanks these British are.

Where is the vaudeville Frenchman? We used to think the French national character made it impossible for them to meet their brothers, first-cousins-once-removed, or even their most casual acquaintances, without hilariously kissing them on both cheeks.

Now, the mention of the word "Frenchman" brings up the picture of the *poilu*, who has all of the businesslike calm and regular-fellerness that we used to imagine we had a corner on.

Und, Fritz! We were led to believe that you were a nice old dunderhead who came back from a hard day's work in the sausage factory, pulled your favorite horror in furniture out onto the stoop of the little cottage, took little Friederike on your knee and told her Grimms' Fairy Tales, while Mamma made sweet music with Schumann's "Kinderscenen" within.

We got *your* Bertillon, Fritz, about August 1, 1914.



Whenever a theatrical manager wanted to put over a Russian, he sent out an apparition of loveliness modeled somewhat along the above lines.

After a few fast rounds of actual warfare, Nikolai Romanoffski comes to light as he really is. (*See Fig. 2*). Take 'em off, Ivan, we know you!

What's Going On

The Latest Book Review—by Berney Lee

THE telephone company has just issued a new directory which we found upon our desk this morning. Upon casual thought one might be tempted to observe that there is nothing interesting in this fact. One should not jump at conclusions. Viewed from the proper standpoint and analyzed by the proper mentality the telephone directory of a large city contains more information, romance, comedy, tragedy and philosophy than the whole library of the British Museum.

The first point that suggests itself upon glancing through its pages is that there are a great many people in New York whom one has never heard of and one wonders whether they are all necessary. One wonders how intelligent they are, what they think about—if they ever think—when they are not trying to make money, do they go to the movies, what do they read, how many of them believe in a hereafter and live up to their beliefs and how many of them have ever been to Chicago.

All one has to do to feel a heart throb or share a laugh or become inveigled in some unprofitable financial transaction is to take one's receiver from the hook and call up any of the thousands upon thousands of numbers listed in this book. One looks down the columns of Smiths. One finds the name of J. Smith who lives in one part of the town directly under another J. Smith who lives five miles away. One wonders whether they know each other and have ever got pickled together or whether they are not married.

One cannot help thinking how confusing it would be if the first name of each was Jim and they had the same girl.

* * *

We took down the receiver and called up the the first J. Smith. The answering "Hello" came in a high-pitched, somewhat squeaky voice.

"Is this J. Smith?" we asked.

"What d'ye want? Ye-eh! This is me," came the reply.

"We are a total stranger to you," we said, courteously, "but, happening to see your name in the telephone book we were curious to know what kind of a person you were. Could you give us some data concerning your pedigree, your mode of life and habits of thought?"

"Are you raffling something off?" asked J. Smith. We hung up the receiver. We knew all we wanted to know about this J. Smith. We called up the other one.

"Hello! Hello! Who is it?" came the answer in brisk, snappy tones. We repeated our polite request for information.

"Oh, I see," said he. "I'm a little busy just now but if you like I'll meet you later, say about half-past or quarter to."

"Where?" we asked, innocently.

"At the bug-house where you live. Ha! Ha! Ha!" And then he disconnected leaving us firmly convinced that he and the other J. Smith were perfect strangers.

* * *

We came, by accident, upon the name of Zbycksl. We would not for the world say anything to hurt Mr. Zbycksl's feelings because we know he is not responsible for his name but we are curious to know if any of his ancestors were ever shot for it. Why not be sensible, Mr. Z. and change it to Kelly—or, if such is the case—to Cohen? Perhaps, though, it is an assumed name to conceal an identity and avoid paying alimony.

* * *

It is the romantic possibility that makes this array of names with telephonic communication most interesting to us. Each name represents a human being who, at some time or other, has loved or been loved.

Think of the wealth of romance, the tangled skeins of life and the mass of material for the novelist and the dramatist which lies behind those pages! We decided to (*Continued on page 30*)

"There enter three lean looking members of the West Eighteenth Street Y. M. C. A. bearing an ironing-board upon which reclines Miss Freda Pinto."

The Costume Ball

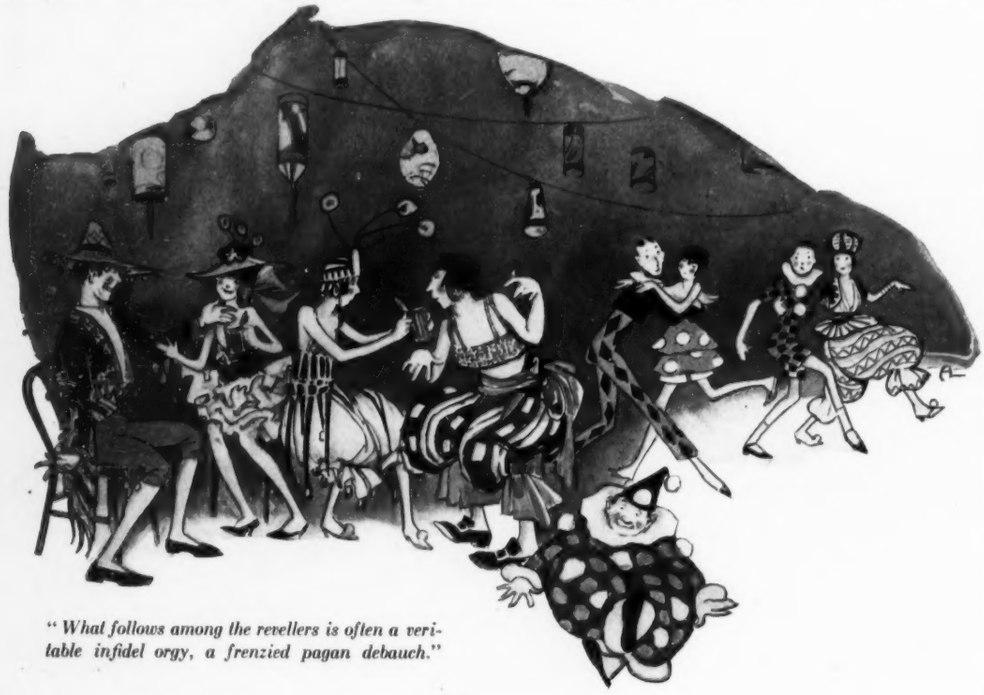
by RUPERT CROSS

STATISTICS show that since January first exactly 13,434 pay-as-you-enter costume balls have been given in New York and that these 13,434 costume balls were attended by a grand total of 31 Pierrots, 12 Spanish pirates, 2 Chinese mandarins and 9,762,859 gentlemen in dinner jackets who managed to get in by insisting to the remonstrating door-man that they were dressed up to represent bus boys.

There are at least a dozen or two of these public costume balls given every week-day night of the season and at the majority of them a prize is awarded to the lady wearing that costume which most cleverly conceals her nudity with the least expenditure for materials. The rivalry for this prize in Webster Hall, where the Greenwich Village *bals* are held, has become so keen that it is said certain of the fair contenders, in order that their epidermis may be plainly detected through the gauze habilimenta, frequently on the evening before the event go to the length of taking a bath. This, however, is mere rumor and must not be taken too seriously, for does one not still recall the ignoble *faux pas* of the judges at the celebrated Bal du Risqué Ravioli, one of the most striking of the whole Greenwich Village season, when they awarded the *grand prix* to a houri whom they took to represent a Nubian slave girl but who declined the laurel on the ground that she really represented an Albino and that the Nubian tinting was a *contretemps* due to the freezing of the water-pipes in her bathroom three weeks ago the previous Saturday night.

A costume ball is based on the theory that the surest way in which to make Mr. Herman P. Zinck, the eminent Grand Rapids furniture dealer, feel careless and devilish is to get Herman to dress himself up as a Byzantine lictor bearer and then lead Herman out in the middle of the dance floor where his great toe, protruding insouciantly from his sandal, may be stepped on by several hundred Messrs. O'Connors and Baumgartners dressed up as gay students of the Boul' Mich', and fox-trotting with an equal number of mesdames dressed up to represent passionate Spanish senoritas. By this process, M. Zinck is supposed to be instantly transformed from a phlegmatic and perfectly solemn business man into a creature surcharged with a wild and overpowering *joie de vivre* and one unable to restrain his hot Latin blood from promiscuous amour and exotic didoes like dancing on tops of tables, toasting Fifi, and imploring lyrically to be taken back to Maxim's.

To make doubly certain of Herman's metamorphosis, the commercial folks who run the ball, once they get Herman out on the dance floor, begin throwing colored lights on him. Thus, Herman, the Byzantine lictor bearer, is illuminated in rapid succession as a big hunk of pistachio ice-cream, as a Brobdingnagian cinnamon drop, as a magnum of Crême Yvette, and as a man breaking out all over with the yellow fever. If, in this situation, it so happens that the person of M. Zinck contains divers schnapps and liqueurs, the polychromatic bath makes him feel vastly less like a hot-blooded Tzigane of the open road, as the folks who are running the ball imagine, than like a plain, ordinary and exceptionally dizzy little souse.



"What follows among the revellers is often a veritable infidel orgy, a frenzied pagan debauch."

Another favorite device for making the customers of the New York costume ball feel Parisian is the so-called pageant. This affair generally takes place shortly after midnight and always bears some such name as "The Grand Pageant of the Nile Queen and her Nymphs and Satyrs." When twelve o'clock comes, the orchestra gives vent to a loud flourish, the gay carnival spirits squat on the floor along the walls, the lights are turned down and out into the middle of the room, with aloof and majestic mien, stalks Ambrose L. Martin, the head perfumery clerk at Lord and Taylor's, garbed as a Neronic lion tamer. Glowering with brutal eye around the room, Mr. Martin, the lion tamer, gives now his whip a ferocious crack and, in a voice that resembles that of a conqueror of wild beasts somewhat less than that of a cutie telling the soda-water *entrepreneur* she'll have raspberry, proclaims "Silence in the name of Buddha!" The band thereupon appropriately begins the hoochie-coochie and, from the door leading to the alley (*Continued on page 29*)

The Morning Smile

Edited by WEX JONES.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1918

Did You—or Didn't You—Know That—

RUBBER heels will prevent you from scratching your desk?

There is more affinity between ham and eggs than there is between hams and eggs?

The easiest way to look at the Woolworth tower is in a photograph?

A good way to keep cool in Summer is to room with a walrus?

Astronomers would be terribly fooled if the stars fell out of their settings?

A trapper is not forbearing with fur-bearing animals?

It is difficult to find a good indoor cigar?

July is the month of roses, potato bugs and powderless noses?

A whale carries its own shower-bath?

Cats take merely a Teutonic interest in the song of a canary?

Household Hints

You will not be annoyed by flies in the house if you live outside in a tent.

Before serving baked beans be careful to peel the can off them.

Be kind to the cat, or it may feel put out at night.

Egg-beaters are not much use for beating carpets.

Most husbands find it easier to frame a picture than a good excuse.

Particular hostesses serve coffee in cups, rather than loose.

Never leave a custard pie near a vacuum cleaner. Or a boy.

One of the most attractive articles of porch furniture is a girl in a white frock.

A novelty introduced by a Chicago hostess is serving breakfast in the morning.

General Pershing has ordered his men not to swear at the army mule. What the dickens *are* they to swear at?

In the old days, there used to be occasional doubt as to whether a privateer was not, in plain terms, a pirate. There is no doubt whatever, nowadays, in the case of the profiteer.

Natural History Notes

Polar bears are strong supporters of the Ice Trust.

Nobody says a word when a sloth goes to sleep hanging upside down from the limb of a tree, but just let hubby try going to bed on the chandelier.

If an ostrich had feathers on its legs, it would dust all the sand off the desert.

In New York a nightingale would be arrested for singing after hours.

A laughing hyena must be an awful pest when it starts at the wrong place in a story.

One of the most depressing sights in Nature is a blue fish.

To catch woodpeckers, get inside a tree and clinch their beaks with a hammer.

Tigers are very affectionate. Even a strange tiger will often follow you some distance home.

Paper trousers are being worn in Berlin. It's a safe bet Fritz strikes his matches on the box nowadays.

This and That

One woman wants $500 damages from another for alienating the affections of her canary. The claim would have been for $5,000,000 had the bird been a turkey.

The Bolsheviki are crazy for peace abroad, so that they'll have more leisure to kill one another at home.

China's president declares he's too weak for his job. Great advantage of our party system of government is that the outs will always save the officeholder the trouble of saying anything like that for himself.

Mr. Hoover has just lifted the ban on killing hens. Many a proud rooster, in the meantime, paid a visit to the barber's to have his comb taken off.

Hindenburg is fond of telling people to "bite granite." As a pleasant change from war bread?—Or was Hindenburg once a dentist?

Germany tells Roumania that if she'll be good she may have a part of Russia. To show Germany's absolute impartiality, she previously offered Russia a part of Roumania.

WILLIS: Bump says he knows his car from end to end.

GILLIS: He ought to; he has both pushed it and dragged it.

The report that Berlin has prohibited bathing in the homes of its residents is not as improbable as at first it sounds. Cleanliness, as a means to a end, is superfluous in Germany. Followers of the Kaiser can be "next to Godliness" without that.

There was an old lady who lived in a queue,
For when she went shopping 'twas all she could do.
She got a little sugar and two ounces of bread,
And when she had got them 'twas time for her bed.

The Rocky Mountain Goat

A touching story for nature lovers.

Caper was a little bit of a chap when he was born away up on the sides of Mount Glacier. But his mother thought he was the finest goat ever seen in the Rocky Mountains.

How happy the little fellow and his mother were, as the glorious Summer passed on Glacier, the king of all the Rockies. Constant vigilance foiled the attacks of eagles and four-footed marauders, and Caper grew slowly into a magnificent goat with great horns.

No playmate so sure-footed as Caper, who bounded from crag to crag, from snag to snag, and from jag to jag in sheer joy of living. But he never wandered from Glacier He seemed to have an affection for the vast mountain.

One day Caper noted a hunter far below him, but disdained to flee "He can't touch me," said the beautiful goat. But the hunter had his telescope sights on Caper and a bullet tumbled the beautiful animal from the rocky pinnacle.

Mount Glacier seemed to quiver for a moment, and then in deep tones muttered, "Gosh, he's got my goat."

A hatter of Peekskill was admitted to the insane asylum on the grounds, apparently, that all hatters are Mad Hatters. But all this wise hatter wanted was a place where he could keep warm, as he could buy no coal for himself. Can it be that the foxy ones are "inside" and that we on the outside are the nuts?

Classified Advertisements

FOR EXCHANGE—Will exchange part of a straw hat for one rubber heel. FRUGAL, *Smile* office.

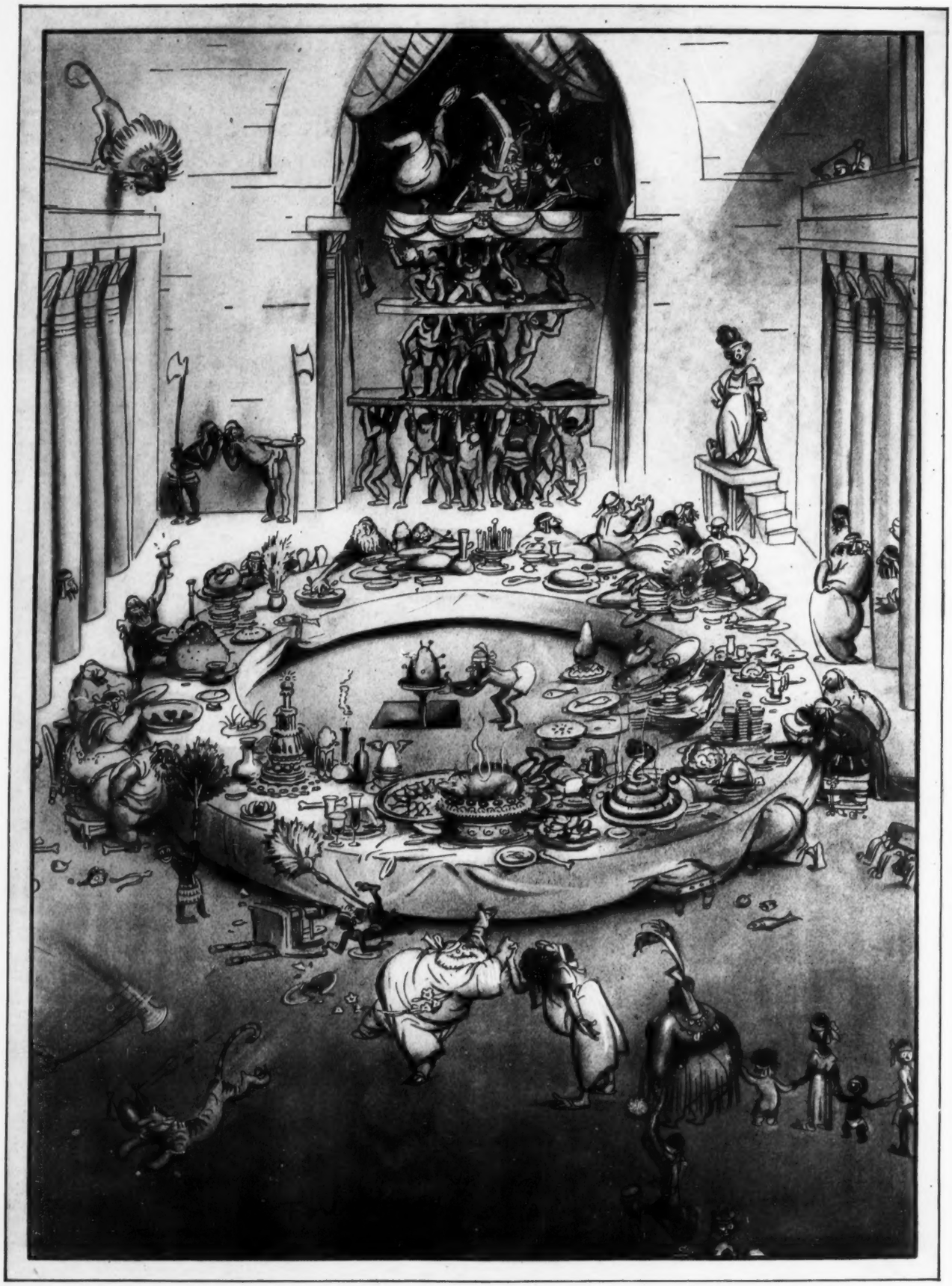
FOR EXCHANGE—Terrier, fond of tripe, for cat, fond of rats. RODENT, *Smile* office.

HELP WANTED—Business man, who has just fallen out of twelfth story window, wishes immediate assistance of 4 men with strong blanket. Apply in person on sidewalk immediately below window, Skyscraper Building.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—Cat, knowing location of large bowl of goldfish, wants partner with porch-climbing experience. FELINE, *Smile* office.

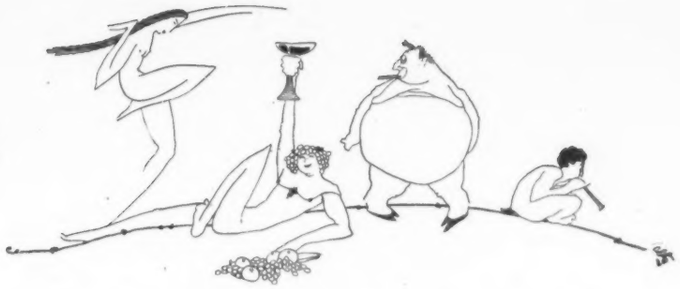
SITUATIONS WANTED—Young man wants work of any kind that is easily dodged. TANGO; ring Lizard's bell.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished, for the season, compartment of ice box; suitable for party of beer bottles. REAL ESTATE, *Smile* office.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR: So glad you dropped in to take pot-luck with us; Mr. Hoover has just stepped over to Rome to reorganize the food supply.

Just One Thing After Another



A POWERFUL Force waited for the fair young débutante. He looked at her sweet, pure face, her modest demeanor, and her pretty, shy ways. "Aha!" he jeered, "I can make her naughty and deceitful; I can despoil her innocence and impair her virtue. I can make of her a wicked woman."

He turned toward a fine young man, just starting on his business career. "I can wreck him!" the powerful Force exulted. "I can make him a thief—a criminal!" Scornfully the Force scanned the Bride, the Philanthropic Worker, the Clergyman, the new Cashier, the Trusted Servant. "All, all!" he triumphantly thought, "are in my power. Of each I can make a wrong-doer, a shameful, despicable creature. Be they never so honest of intent, never so pure of heart, never so horrified at thought of evil, I can persuade them to it. Who am I? I am Opportunity!"

Absolute Impossibilities.

Not to read the love letters printed in the reports of divorce suits.

Not to go to the theater when you have free passes.

To tell your real age.

To doubt the promises of a seed catalogue.

To keep still when people discuss the probable duration of the war.

What Every Woman Would Hate To Know.

Her laundress' remarks about her lingerie.

The state of her hotel kitchen.

How she looks when she dances.

Her mother - in - law's real opinion of her.

Her weight—after a stab at reducing.

The reason for her husband's sudden generosity.

MISS RITCHIE wept.

"I heard," she sobbed, while her fiancé listened to learn what was the matter now, "that you said I was—that I w-was hard-featured!"

But the man who had been clever enough to catch the heiress was also clever enough to get out of this scrape.

"A little play on words, my dearest," he explained, airily; 'I meant, you have ruby lips, pearly teeth, a marble brow, ebony hair, lids with jet fringe, shell-like ears, an alabaster neck and ivory arms!"

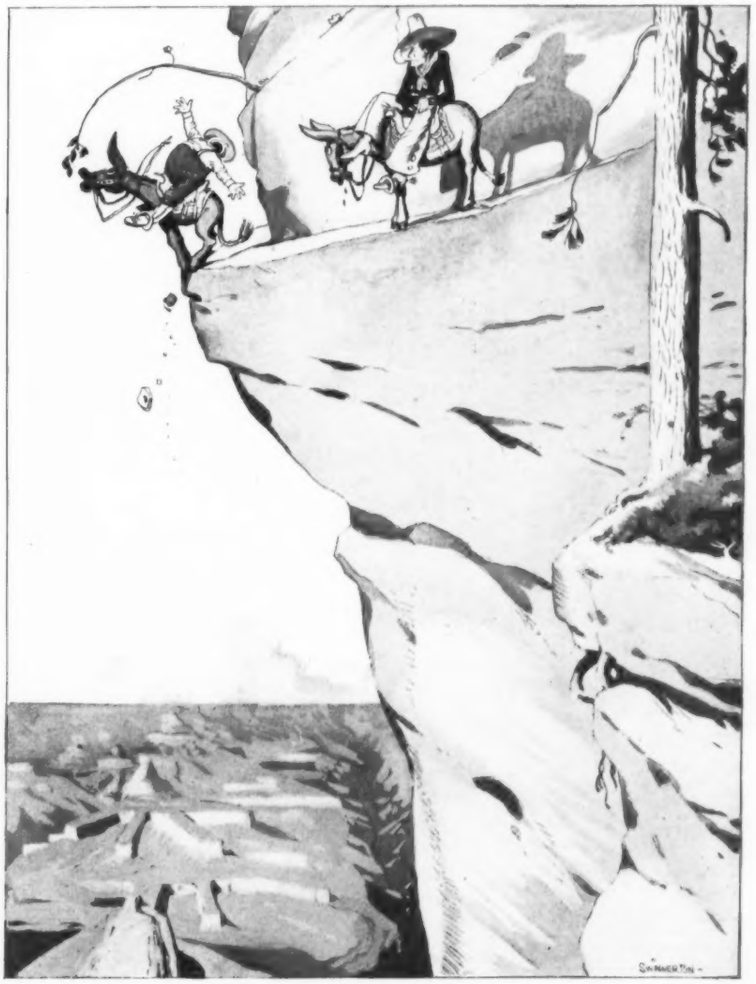
Miss Ritchie smiled.

by CAROLYN WELLS

The Real Reason

I begged of Spring to tell me straight
Why she's invariably late—
Why yearly this must be;
Spring shook her laughing, flower-crowned head,
And smiled and dimpled as she said:
"It's woman's way, you see!"

"And, too," she said, with gentle guile,
Pouting a little, troubled smile—
(You know that way of Spring's!)
"Those pestering Poets! I must wait
Until I see the flood abate
Of poems, odes and things!"



On the Grand Canyon Trail

GUIDE: "Don't mind him, mister; them mules like a little green stuff now and then."

Add Horrors of War!

AN illustrious—I mean, illustrated—contemporary recently said, "How fine it would be if a census of our guest rooms could be taken, that they might be enrolled as a hospital unit. What a wonderful national service that would be!"

Wonderful, indeed! Imagine the joy of the wounded soldier as his fingers pick at the thick embroidered letters and scratchy laces of the guest room bed! Imagine the impress of classical design that the filet lace pillows leave on his fevered cheeks! Remember the pictures his tortured eyes must gaze on—always the discards of the downstairs rooms, or relics of the late eighties. Remember the awful junk on the mantel and the doodaddle gewgaws on the toilet table. Remember the best clothes of the hostess on the closet pegs and in the dresser drawers.

For a place which absolutely lacks any smallest requirement of hospital convenience or comfort, commend me to the average guest room!

Things I Detest about Jane

Her short skirts.
Her high white shoes.
Her absurd hat.
Its cocky little feather.
Her fishhook curls,—or whatever they call 'em.
Her turn-up nose.
Her doodaddle vanity-case.
Her everlasting poking fun at me.

Things I adore About Maisie.

Her short skirts.
Her high white shoes.
Her absurd hat.
Its cocky little feather.
Her fishhook curls,—or whatever they call 'em.
Her turn-up nose.
Her doodaddle vanity-case.
Her invariable admiration of whatever I do or say.

Prohibition In The Home.

"Yes, Emile," said Madame, "make a Sober Charlotte for dessert tonight, and see to it that the mackerel is not soused nor the lobster stewed. And, on no account, serve the custards in their cups!"

Very Light Housekeeping.

Because of the difficulty of getting or keeping competent servants in these war times, she swept the room with a glance and he got up and dusted.

At the Bal Masque

THE MANDARIN: This is the Fourth of July.

DIANA: Why don't you say Independence Day?

THE MANDARIN: Because it is also the anniversary of my marriage.

The Department of the Ulterior

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

I

ASSUMING that the point of view of the great majority of American dramatists, past and present, is right, the following unchequered truths are hereby offered:

1. That all captains in the Confederate Army were given to inordinate tippling and while under the influence of liquor were extremely amorous.

2. That old gentlemen who live in farm-houses on which there is a mortgage are inevitably afflicted with rheumatism in the right leg.

3. That all bank presidents conduct their most important business in the libraries of their homes, and that, if the said business is of an extremely secret nature, they never conduct it save the butler be synchronously passing in and out of the room.

4. That a woman invariably confesses the sin she committed in her youth when she meets a man who is about to propose marriage to her.

5. That it is impossible to pronounce the word "statistics" without stuttering.

6. That the profession of white slavery was in 1900 controlled exclusively by Chinamen, but has since passed entirely under the control of Italians.

7. That it is impossible to be moral in the Riviera.

8. That bachelors, when in their apartments, never drink anything but whiskey and soda.

9. That butlers are never round-shouldered.

10. That a man who invites a woman to have supper with him is invariably up to some deviltry, and that the supper is invariably served by a French waiter who contemplates the deviltry with an air of immense personal satisfaction.

11. That the moon always casts a rich purple light save on such occasions as a man is dying, on which occasions it promptly turns to Nile green.

12. That a person in evening clothes who writes a letter never under any circumstances uses a blotter to dry the ink but always, upon finishing the letter, stands up and waves the sheet of paper back and forth in the air.

II

Impressions of a Man Reading a Wall Street Investment Circular for the First Time.

COLLATERALLY secured by divisional sinking funds and the prior lien 4's of 1947, the refunding and extension 3½'s of the Fremont-Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad and the consolidated 6's, due October 1, 1933, and June 1, 1947, respectively, indorsed by the Latrobe Milling Company's gen. 5's, 1927, subject to the obligations of the Mankato and New Ulm Railway first 5's (authorized and outstanding, $490,000), are to be recommended because of the closed mortgage clause in the guarantee covered by the agreement with the Winona and St. Peter Railroad Extension First Mortgage 7's, upon which the holder pays the Federal Income Tax. These bonds, which are a priority claim on 378 miles of road between Galena, Ill., and Ishpeming, Mich., the Greenwich and Johnsonville Railway Company has covenanted not to extend beyond the underlying first 3½'s and 5's of the Buffalo Creek Railroad, which is a tributary of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, the Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis, the Penobscot Shore Line and the Jamestown, Franklin and Clearfield systems. In view of the secondary 4½ clause in the authorization of the $25,000,000 short-term gold notes recently issued under the terms of the refunding and improvement mortgage, providing for the ultimate retirement of the Kalamazoo and White Pigeon 1st 5's, due January 1, 1940, these collaterally secured trust mortgages, free from tax in Nevada and North Dakota and legal for savings banks in Connecticut and Massachusetts, are to be rated above the second 4's, upon which the company pays the normal income tax, and which are secured neither by the agreement with the Mohawk and Malone Railway Company nor the Rome, Waterloo and Ogdensburg. In view of the further disposition of the underlying mortgages by the Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island in its decision in favor of the Washington and Columbia River Railway Company of February 3, 1918, these ref. and ext. 4½'s are held to take precedence not only over the Hollidaysburg, Bedford and Cumberland gen. 6's but over the registered coupon 3½'s of the Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville Railroad Company and the Consolidated 2's of the Ravenswood, Spencer and Glenville Railway Company. The bonds are in coupon form only and the right is reserved, under the agreement of last July with the Utica and Black River Railroad, to extend said bonds not later than October 12, 1919.

AGE (*after a quarrel*): I was a fool when I married you.

YOUTH: I knew it, dear; but I thought you would improve.

III

The American Drama's Six Great Contributions to Philosophy

THE invariable effect of spirituous liquor on the male sex is as follows: (*a*) if the male is unmarried, the spirituous liquor promptly metamorphoses him into a comedian with a penchant for hoarse singing; (*b*) if the male is married, the spirituous liquor promptly metamorphoses him into a rough customer with a penchant for, (1) rough-housing his wife's boudoir, or (2) arriving at the reception just as his wife is removing a cinder from the artist's eye and, his worst suspicions thereupon confirmed, raucously and with a vulgar ha-ha accusing his wife of being no better than a Jezebel.

II. A man, in the great crisis of his life, is invariably confronted with the thought of his mother. A woman, at the great crisis of her life, is invariably confronted with the thought of her child (which, at the time of the crisis, is invariably laid up with an illness).

III. Immediately a small fire breaks out in a remote corner of a building or dwelling, the heavens for miles around become crimson.

IV. All women who are fond of horse-back riding and wear smart riding togs are breezily addicted to the use of slang.

V. The left leg of the American negro is always a trifle shorter than the right.

VI. It is impossible at any time to glance casually out of a window without beholding something or someone that has an immediate and important bearing on one's life.

The Roof-Garden Jazz

READERS who contemplate some light summer work are referred to the following questionnaire, which the Society of Jazz Artists requires before considering prospective aspirants for membership in Jazz Bands:

I.—What instrument do you play with your hands, while your lips are busy?

II.—What can you play with your feet—

(*a*) Drum?
(*b*) Cymbals?
(*c*) Piano?
(*d*) Or just shuffle?

III.—Have you any nervous ailment? If so, what use can you make of it in a purely humorous way?

IV.—Can you blow a saxaphone and sing at the same time?

V.—Do you play the piano by ear, or——

(*a*) By elbow?
(*b*) By nose?
(*c*) By chin?
(*d*) By forehead?

VI.—Can you coax music out of a cornet with a mandolin pick?

VII.—Can you blow music out of a violin?

VIII.—Are you strong enough to——

(*a*) One-step with a bull fiddle?
(*b*) Juggle a grand piano?
(*c*) Toss and catch a bass drum?
(*d*) Bite a picolo in half?

IX.—Can you strike an octave with your chest?

X.—Have you any bones in your body which might interfere with your becoming a jazz-musician?

Nil Nisi Bonum

SOME of the rookies were holding the customary inquest over mess.

"This ham doesn't taste right," said one.

"Well," said another, "the cook *said* that this ham was cured last week."

"Last week, eh?" said the objector "well take it from me, it had a relapse!"

NEWLY ARRIVED MAJOR: What does that man mean by wearing his gas mask around the camp?

"Make him smile all the while"

YOU left him smiling when you said "good bye"—keep him smiling by scattering sunshine in all the letters you write your soldier. You are proud of him—the fine, clean-cut, upstanding man who answered without a murmur when his country called. You want to do everything you can to honor his sacrifice for his country and you.

He has made every sacrifice—his relatives—his friends—and perhaps his life—for his country—and you. You have made sacrifices too. You have helped in many ways and will continue to, but your lot and your share are small compared to his.

But there is one thing you can do in your letter today; you can fill it with cheer, confidence, hope, optimism and honor.

Your soldier's trials and worries are a thousand fold what yours are. Never allow him to be burdened with your anxiety or fears, but fill his heart with enthusiasm.

There are "a thousand and one" little happenings in your life which mentioned by you in your letters will stimulate his enthusiasm. Stifle every thought and banish every word which might bring worry to your soldier.

Be as brave as he, and by every word you write let him know that his sacrifices shall not be in vain. Write him a letter of cheer today—and write him often. Remember the soldier who smiles is the soldier who wins—keep him smiling all the time.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION,
Washington, D. C.

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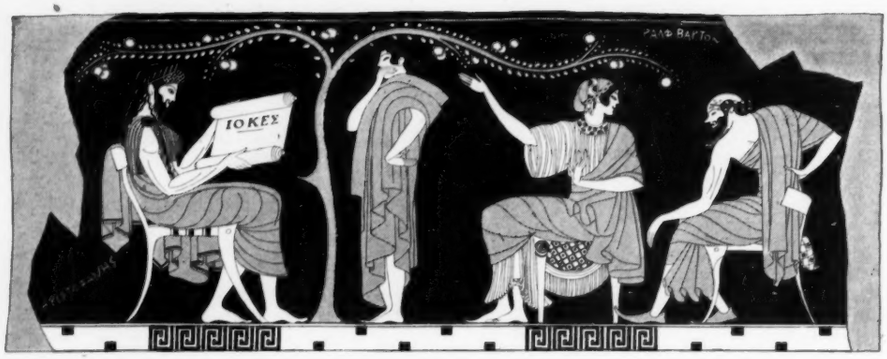

Soft Answers to Hard Questions

TO decide a dispute, where was John Smith born? MATTEAWAN.

We wouldn't decide a dispute like that for a year's salary. We'll come up some visitor's day and listen to it.

Will you please supply me with the rest of Longfellow's poem beginning, "This is the forest primeval." I had the clipping, but mislaid it. SCRAPBOOK.

We should like to see your idea of a clipping. You must use a scythe when you clip. However, we shall be glad to print the rest of the poem you ask for when white paper sells for an eighth of a cent per ton.

What is the correct move for the King in Chess? PROPRIETY.

It depends. A wise King lets the Queen move first. Should a Knight or a Bishop take the Queen, the King should move so as to consult a lawyer. Latest chess sets, however, have a new piece, solid ivory, known as the Bolshevik, which threatens to upset the game. Very well; then write to somebody who *does* know about Chess. We never said we did.

Did Dumas write "The Three Profiteers"? And who were they?
LIBRARIAN.

Yes. The gentlemen in question were Atho$, Portho$ and Arami$.

I have a nickel (1883) without the word "Cents", a cushion tire of 1891, a copy of the Patent Office report for 1873, a piece of cold lava from Mount Vesuvius, and a wooden nutmeg made from wood of the Charter Oak, at Hartford, Conn. What should I be able to trade them for?
OWEGO, N. Y.

Don't do anything until you see us. We have a hole from a doughnut of 1866, very rare and in perfect condition, a petal from the original Last Rose of Summer, the shell of the egg which Columbus broke at the Court of Spain, and the red ball of a Roman candle used by Julius Cæsar. State plainly on what train you are coming, and we'll do our best to have a moving-van with a portable what-not ready to meet you.

What were the names of some of the Strauss waltzes to the strains of which our parents danced?
DREAMY.

We have forwarded your question to the late Franz Josef, of Austria, and in time it will be returned to us, with "Not Found" rubber-stamped across its face. In the meantime, on the subject of parents, please speak for yourself alone. Our own parents fox-trotted from infancy, and wouldn't have known "The Damnably Blue Danube" from "Malted Milk, Women and Song."

What has become of the man—I have forgotten his name—whose aim was to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas"? OSCAR V.

He has a new aim. Namely, to get all German submarines to the bottom by New Year's.

From whom do we get the expression, Love me little, love me long? PIXIE.

From De Wolf Hopper, who almost invariably married short ones.

I recently, and perhaps foolishly, signed a lease in a bone-dry town. Will you tell me how I can get a drink without offending my neighbors' sensibilities?
BACCHUS, JR.

There are various methods; but by far the simplest is to rub yourself thoroughly with some "external use" liquid, and then turn yourself outside in.

Can you tell me if any books, either in prose or verse, have been published which deal with the present war?
OUT-OF-TOWN.

We cannot make out the postmark on your letter, but would very much like to know if you take summer boarders. We are intimate with several hundred tired people who will pay you Ritz rates for July and August.

Who got out the first, "Who's Who in America"? PUBLICIYT.

Old Man Owl. Gee, but we've been waiting a long while to spring that one!

A bets B that the Russian national motto is "Watch Your Steppe." Is he right? WAGOVITCH.

He is not. The Russian national motto is a newly adopted one: "O, Grave, Where is Thy Bolsheviktory."

If the Woolworth Tower is taller than the biblical Tower of Babel, how did it happen that the former, like the latter, was not stopped by confusion of tongues?
THEOLOGY.

Why do you cling to the old idea that the Tower of Babel was stopped by confusion of tongues? Advanced students are practically all agreed that the work stopped because of an entirely different reason; the riveters made so much noise that nobody could hear Gabriel's horn. And besides, we do not care to discuss theological matters.

Was it Guttenburg who invented the printed book? I claim it was. My wife says, No; but she says No, to everything. IGNORAMUS.

Ignoramus is no name for you. Guttenburg was not a printer, but an outlawed race-track that once flourished in New Jersey. Of "books" that were written there, the less said the better. They were mostly handbooks, anyway.

In getting out of a subway train, should a man precede a woman or follow her? FORTY-SECOND STREET.

It depends entirely upon whether he is interested in her. If he is, he should follow her. Use the intelligence chance has given you.

What was done with the apple which Wilhelm Tell shot from his son's head?
CURIOUS.

It was planted in Oregon, and now yields the owner of the orchard $10,000 a year per acre.

Can you furnish me with the context of the handwriting on the wall which so disturbed Belshazzar's feast some years ago? EPICURE.

Freely translated, it meant, "This is a meatless day."

Will you be kind enough to suggest to a number of young ladies, of whom I am one, a way to become socially prominent this summer. We are tired of old stuff.
FOLLIES.

We have referred your request to our fashion department, from which you will shortly receive a pattern. It is for a combination knitting-bag and bathing suit.

The Costume Ball

(*Continued from page 22*)

that leads in turn to the family entrance of Oscar Wurstfresser's gents' cafe, there enter three rather lean looking members of the West Eighteenth Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. blacked up and bearing an ironing board covered with purple cheese-cloth upon which reclines in Oriental abandon Miss Freda Pinto, stenographer to the Acme Cloak and Suit Company, of 124 Chambers Street.

It appears that Miss Freda, who is clad in pink cheese-cloth and who is being languidly fanned by two young men dressed up like Bavarian huzzars, is none other than Cleopatra herself, the wicked siren of the Nile. That Miss Freda is conscious of her own grandeur and eminence on this occasion, no one who looks on her may doubt. With infinitely bored mien she rests her elbow upon the pillow on the ironing board and, her head supported by her open palm, rolls a nonchalant eye at the folks sitting on the floor, as if their vociferous applause were but a matter of daily tribute to her beauty and wit.

Following Miss Freda Cleopatra, come six other stenographers dressed in shower-bath curtains tied around the waist with a string of artificial leaves—these, the nymphs—and eight or ten "artists" of the kind who make pictures that show how any man can look like Jack Barrymore if he'll only wear the Rochester brand—these dressed in long B. V. D.'s and the insides of cast-off fur overcoats, and so representing satyrs. And while this magnificent procession moves around the floor, two small boys hired at a quarter each by the impresario and sole proprietor of the ball, sneak around burning mosquito punk and filling up the place with a high effluvium.

It is obvious, of course, that such a pageant of pagan licentiousness and wild color must be immediately productive of effect in its spectators. What follows among the revellers, therefore, is often a veritable infidel orgy, a frenzied pagan debauch, in which the wayward Mexican toreador, Mr. Gus Henkel (*Henkel's Home-made Bread, 871 West Broadway*), chucks yon sprightly Montmartre midinette (his sister-in-law, Minnie Schwartz) under the chin, and in which the unbridled Corsican, Mr. Leopold Meyer (*Meyer and Vogal, Commission Merchants, 319 West 15th Street*), goes to the length of taking a sip of beer out of Henkel's wife Mathilda's seidel.

The costume ball was originated, in the year 1394, by a citizen of Palermo, one Benvenuto Kraus. Its original function, as the eminent signor wrote in a letter to his friend, Guiseppe Socchi, was "by the wearing of bizarre costumes to create in one a sense of carefree abandon and to lose from oneself one's accustomed poise and dignity so that one might enjoy oneself the more fully." But just how, in the year 1918, a sense of carefree abandon may be created in one by getting one to take off one's comfortable three button sack and low-cut shoes and put on instead a brass crown weighing six pounds, a hot red velvet portiere weighing ten, and a pair of black cowhide boots weighing twelve, and so accoutred limp around a crowded room announcing that one is Henry the Eighth, the eminent Benvenuto failed in his documents to make clear. As a consequence, the average New York costume ball of the present era is about as carefree and abandoned as a lecture on the evils of intemperance at the First M. E. Church.

The ladies who make a practice of attending the New York costume balls may be divided into two classes: (1) those who know they have pretty legs and (2) those who wear long skirts. The men who make a practice of going to these balls may similarly be divided into two clases: (1) those who imagine they are lady-killers and (2) those who wear dominoes. The canny gentlemen who give these balls may be divided into one class: (1) those who know that the easiest way to make money is to persuade people that where it is perfectly proper to drink a pony of lager in street clothes it is the height of devilishness to drink the same pony in a pair of maroon pants.

As I have noted, the great majority of these costume balls are given by the habitués of Greenwich Village. Rare the night during the open season that some "Ball of the Seven Sins" or some "Riot of the Sinister Satyrs" or some "Grand Carnival of the Priestesses of the Euphrates" is not going at full toot. How the sinister satyrs manage to get down-town early enough in the mornings to dust off the boss' roll-top and assort the mail before he arrives, and how the Priestesses of the Euphrates can keep their eyes open long enough the next mornings to take down letters to "Messrs. Kling and Fitzgerald, State Street, Chicago, Dear Sirs," is a mystery.

Such a thing as a mere Costume Ball is unknown in New York. The moment three or four couples get together and decide upon a certain evening to let the cook off and wind some green cheese-cloth around their Little Marys, that evening is designated not as a fancy dress party or a costume dance or a masquerade party or a fancy dress ball or anything similarly straight to the point and simple, but forthwith as a Vampire Debauch, a Black Saturnalia, a Carnival of Circe, a Revel of the Roués, or a Promenade of the Mystic Voluptuaries. . . . Thus has the gay spirit of the Latin Quarter and thus have the days of Murger and Bohemia been brought to New York. It's a great life—if your stomach doesn't weaken!

Keep Young!

REMEMBER the race is not to the swift, but to the youthful.

And you can't tell age by the calendar — for a man is as old as his hair is thin.

Defy old Father Time. Keep your youth. Keep your freedom. Keep your hair.

Glover's will do it !

This old remedy, known to barbers and druggists from coast to coast under the name of Glover's Mange Medicine, is invaluable for driving out dandruff and stopping falling hair.

Your barber is sure to have it—also your druggist

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
118 West 31st St., New York

With That New Frock
You Will Need

DELATONE

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of noticeable hair from the under-arm.

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co.
339 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Dept. G. L.

Inflamed gums cause tooth decay

IT *is* true that four out of five people over forty suffer from gum shrinkage, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhea. At such time they cannot be too careful if they would save their teeth.

Pyorrhea commences with tender gums, or with gum bleeding, at tooth brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame and then shrink. So the teeth become exposed to decay at the base. The lips naturally flatten, too, as the gums recede; and Pyorrhea pockets in the gums become the breeding places of organic disease germs which drain through into the system.

Beware of that first gum tenderness! Try Forhan's For The Gums. It positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. It promptly relieves gum tenderness, gum bleeding. It largely offsets the tissue laxness that comes with the years. No ordinary tooth paste will do this.

And Forhan's cleans teeth scientifically, as well. It is cool, antiseptic, pleasant.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 55c tubes All Druggists

FORHAN CO., 205 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

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Reason Enough

ON the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of a very wealthy man in San Francisco, a policeman at the entrance observed a man emerging from the church weeping violently, but it was evident from his seedy appearance that he was not a member of the family of the deceased.

"Say," demanded the policeman, suspiciously, "what are you crying for like that? You ain't no relative of the dead man!"

"No," sobbed the mourner, "that's just why I am crying."

No Laughing Matter

BLAIR turned up at the club shortly after his marriage with such a desperate look that he was plied with questions as to what the trouble was.

"Well, I'm blue, boys," he answered. "You see, I got married last month, and I've discovered that my wife can't sing."

"But," his friends laughed, "you shouldn't worry over that. Why, you are to be congratulated."

"Oh, no, I'm not, either," said the disconsolate bridegroom; "you see, she thinks she can."

MISS DEB: I felt that this musical comedy would be a success before the curtain was up five minutes.

GAYBOY: I *knew* it would be a success before it was up three feet.

What's Going On

(Continued from page 21)

call up a number at random without consulting the book in the hope that we might get in touch with a heart throb or two.

It might be some girl waiting for a long-delayed message from her lover or, perhaps, some neglected husband whose wife has run out of money and has decided to come home and forgive him. We called up the first number we could think of—it was 4738 or 8734 or something thereabouts.

"Who is this?" we asked, gently. When you ask that question aggressively you are usually requested to reveal your own identity first.

"Hartman & Dominick, plumbers' supplies," came the answer. We assured the speaker that it was a mistake. We tried another number—this time in the Bryant exchange. Somehow or other there seems to be something more frivolous and frolicsome about a Bryant number. It is there that one would naturally look for romance. Calling up Rector, Beekman or Broad suggests paying out money. We selected a number with four figures and, surely enough, a sweet and cute little voice answered it.

"Who is it, please?" she cooed.

"See if you can guess!" we replied.

"Is it George?" she asked.

"No, not George," said we.

"Frank?"

"No."

"Arthur?"

"Guess again."

"Oh, I know," she cried, jubilantly. "It's Jimmy."

We fairly hated to tell her that it wasn't Jimmy.

"Oh, dear. I'm afraid I can't guess who you are," said she, disappointedly. "Unless it's Bob."

"It is none of those," we explained, "much to our regret. It is only a poor philosopher—a perfect stranger to you—who called your number at random hoping that he might, thereby, chance upon some hidden romance, some girl in distress, some soul in pain or in triumph——"

We were interrupted by a peal of melodious laughter at the other end. We heard a faint feminine voice, inquiring,

"Who is it, Lola?"

"Some nut!" replied the girl at the 'phone.

"Is your name really Lola?" we asked.

"Gee, but you've got a nerve!" said she and she hung up the receiver. And still we're willing to wager that Lola has had her romance.

A Glossary Without Gloss

MAJESTY: A word whose meaning is revealed when stripped of its first and last letters.

DERELICT: A woman who will go to a Bohemian table d'hote restaurant alone.

CONFESSION: The act of purging oneself of one's sins by committing uttered ones.

HELP: To hinder, to retard, to make the task more difficult the next time.

LOGIC: A character actor in the farce "Metaphysics," who portrays White, Black, Truth and Error with equal facility.

ANTICIPATION: The belief that the world is a carrousel and that the brass ring will eventually come to you.

SIMPLICITY: The ornamentation of the chaste.

SUCCESS: A failure in six figures.

LOYALTY: That which is knocked down to the highest bidder. 2. A state of mind capable of establishing a preference.

WINE: Wings too swift for the realities of life to overtake.

EDUCATION: A course in the University of Wall Mottoes. 2. That which knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. 3. Ignorance in a frock coat. —*Philip Goodman.*

Just the Man

A PROFESSIONAL strong man, a performer in vaudeville, was a passenger on a train from Chicago to New York, and had occasion to go into the day coach. There he was accosted by an eccentric looking person, who said:

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not the strong man?"

"Some say I am," was the good-natured response.

"You can lift three tons in harness?"

"That's my record."

"You can hold two hundredweight at arm's length?"

"Yes."

"And put up three hundred pounds with one hand?"

"Yes."

"And six hundred with two?"

"I can."

"In that case," continued the eccentric looking person, "will you be so good as to undertake to raise this car window for me?"

Mistaken Identity

"Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" called Mary, who liked big names for her pets.

"Why, I thought your cat's name was Napoleon," protested the visitor.

"He *was* Napoleon till he had his kittens," affirmed Mary, stoutly.

The Other Cheek

"I hear that autoist used rough language to you, after running you down and breaking both your legs."

"Well, you see," explained the pacifist-pedestrian, "he was afraid it would make him late at the ball game."

"How To" books in brief:

How to become a successful salesman.
Sell goods.

How to become a popular speaker.
Don't.

The Palavinci Hate

(*Continued from page 10*)

against the dead! Well, anyway, I quickly see how the land is lying. That Labani has fine black whiskers and he makes the big eyes at the Signora and I see, pretty soon, the whole restaurant business, she go to hell. But little do they know Dino Palavinci!"

He went after my fish. The fat gentleman at the adjoining table rose, walked across the room to a serving-table and found a spoon for himself. The Signora, behind the desk, smiled blandly at everyone in the room. When Dino had set the fish before me, he whispered in my ear.

"When a Palavinci hates it is forever and forever. I do not know yet what I shall do. I am a member of a secret order and I have many friends. But that Labani had better look out."

The next time I came to the place Labani had been elevated to the post of head-waiter. He was a handsome, amiable-looking chap but, being strong for Dino, I felt sure that I detected something sinister in his appearance. He was very affable to me and wanted to seat me at what he considered the best table in the room. It was the only one, at least, that bore a clean tablecloth. But I insisted, stiffly, upon sitting at Dino's station. Labani bowed and led me to Dino's dirtiest table.

"I am glad you did not betray me," said Dino, presently. "When one hates it is better that the hated one should not know he is being hated. But I have made my plans. Time brings forth everything."

I felt that I was in the conspiracy myself, but I suggested that Dino bring me something to eat instead of waiting for Time to do it. The following day I observed that Labani had a black eye. He saw me looking at it and hurried over to explain it.

"A little boy hit me in the eye with an apple," he said. "I caught him and he said a man gave him five cents to do it. I took him to the station house and the police are looking for the man."

Dino was not on duty that night and Labani waited on me himself. He made several attempts at conversation, but I have made it an invariable rule when I am in a conspiracy to remain true to my fellow-conspirators. I refused to be on friendly terms with him. The climax came a few days later. The moment I entered the restaurant I knew that something unusual was in the wind. Every table in the place was adorned with a clean cover and all the appointments shone bright and clean. Dino looked somewhat pale.

"They are going to be married to-night," he said. "It is my last chance." Labani, looking exceedingly fine in his new dress suit corroborated the news a few moments later and held out his hand. I could do nothing but take it and mumble a few words of congratulation. The dinner was unusually good that night and the place quite crowded.

Labani had gone down-stairs to the kitchen. It was a small flight of about a dozen steps which led to the basement, a narrow space in which ascending and descending waiters could hardly pass without squeezing by each other. I saw Dino pick up one of the huge bowls of soup from which the customers helped themselves, and leave the restaurant.

A moment later I heard a loud cry, a succession of bumps and thumps and then a tremendous crash, followed by screams and the babel of many excited voices. Some of the guests ran out into the hall to see what had happened. I remained in my seat. When in a conspiracy a man must be careful not to betray a fellow-conspirator by the slightest carelessness of action or gesture. I felt that Dino's moment had come and that I must remain loyal to him. After a long pause Labani entered the room and brought me my dinner. His hair was tousled, his face was flushed and his shirt-front and dress suit looked as if they had spent a week in a trench.

"It was that loafer Dino," he explained. "I have discharged him." After he had set the dishes on the table he amplified.

"I was coming up the stairs," said he, "and Dino was coming down. All of a sudden he slipped. The big bowl of soup fell all over me and then he fell down the stairs on top of me."

Nevertheless, the wedding took place. It is a poor man who will allow a bowl of soup and a waiter's animosity to interfere with his wedding. The next day I received a note from Dino.

"Trust Giuseppe," it ran. "He my best frand. Dino." When I entered the restaurant again a tall, morose-looking waiter whom I had often noticed, winked at me and led me to his table.

"I'm Giuseppe," he said. "Dino told me to take care of you. He is my best friend."

"How is Labani?" I asked. Giuseppe carefully spat across the room.

"He is making the honeymoon," he said. "I hate him. Dino and I belong to the same society and I have taken his hate. In our society we share everything—hate, love, good luck—everything!"

I was eager to know more of this wonderful society. There was something fascinating about its scope. What a great thing it would be if the human race could organize upon such a plan! But Giuseppe was very reticent upon the subject. It was a secret society, he explained, and the penalties for revealing its operations were exceedingly severe. His immediate duty, he made clear, was to take

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Verdant

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Well, I should say he did! He was swindled four times after he was seventy!

Seven Reasons Why Bob Is at the Front

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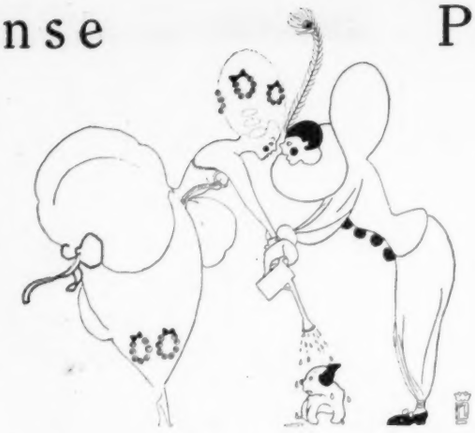

How They Spent Their Time

THE investigating reformer was consulting a prominent native. "So," he said, "you people put a couple of big business men in jail, did you?"

"Yes," said the native. "We got tired of fining them the limit, so we put them in cells."

"That's a good example."

"Is it? Within a short time they organized the prisoners, guards and jailers into the International Penalty Company, issued five hundred thousand dollars in bonds, paid the fines of all the prisoners, left us with a mortgage on the jail and the court house, and stuck the surplus money in their pockets."

Cornered!

A BUSINESS man in Chicago was one day showing his wife about his place of business. "And these are the day books," said he, indicating certain shelves in the bookkeeping department.

"Good," said the wife; "now show me the night books."

The husband was mystified. "The night books?" he murmured.

"Yes; those that you have to work over at night and keep you down here until two in the morning."

The Missing Signal

IT was during the late Mexican unpleasantness. There had been another raid by bandits, and one outlaw, whose horse stood perfectly still, was captured. He was taken before the commanding officer, who questioned him.

"How was it, Tony," he was asked, "that you made no attempt to escape. Did you *want* to be captured?"

The Mexican looked disgusted.

"I no want to stay—but the horse, he cab-horse. I stop, he no go till door shut. I no got no door, so we no go!"

She Could Make Anything Loaf

"DID that employment agency you tried make any real effort to satisfy you?"

"Well, yes! I asked particularly for a cook who could make a salmon loaf, and they sent me an I. W. W."

Not Me!

HOW do the Japanese exist?
I've read that there a maid's not kissed!
'Tis said that when a youth proposes,
They very lovingly rub noses!
I cannot wish, instead of me,
I were a lady Japanee!

HURRIED TRAVELER (*at the ticket window*): Two to Duluth!

FAIR TICKET AGENT (*newly-installed*): To-de-le-dee; O, you kid!

The Palavinci Hate

(*Continued from page 31*)

over the Palavinci hate and carry it on as if it were his own.

"Have you anything against Labani, yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, not in the least," said Giuseppe, opening his eyes, wide. "He has always been nice to me."

"But you are taking Dino's part?" I asked. Giuseppe looked around, made sure that he could not be overheard, and then whispered,

"Last night I got into Labani's room and cut a lot of sharp points on all his collars. I found a lot of bottles. I do not know what they contain but I mixed them all up."

"What is Dino doing?"

"He is not doing anything just now," said Giuseppe. "He says he needs a rest and he has gone down to Staten Island where his cousin lives."

A few days later Giuseppe brought me important news from Dino.

"He came to see me last night," he said. "He has a job in the Restaurant di Napoli on Mulberry street. There is a little girl there. She is only nineteen and a widow. Dino is terribly in love with her. He says he is going to work hard, save all his money and marry her, and then he will start a restaurant of his own. He says he wants me to tell you about it because he expects you to be one of his customers. The food here is not very good. Dino says the young lady is a wonderful cook and he will give you much better food. He wants you to bring your friends, too."

I promised to be his customer. Whenever I go into a conspiracy, I make it a point to go the whole hog. If Dino had wanted me to be the cook in his new restaurant I'm quite sure I would have consented.

Somehow or other, I felt that I was an honorary member of Dino's society.

By the end of the week Labani returned from his honeymoon. He greeted me like an old friend and I had great difficulty in maintaining my coldness of demeanor. I felt that I must demonstrate my loyalty to Dino.

"I hope you have been well served while I was away," he exclaimed, cordially. I told him, sadly, that nothing had been the same in that restaurant since Dino had left. Labani's face fell and he walked away looking quite unhappy. The next night, to my delight, I found Dino in his old place. He seized my hand in both of his and shook it like a pump handle a great many times.

"I am so happy!" he said. "It is a blessing for me to be back to wait on you again." In some foolish way I felt just as happy as he.

"Well, there haven't been many changes since you left," I said. "I suppose the place looks exactly the same to you." But Dino shook his head and smiled.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," he exclaimed. "Everything is changed. It was all dark and gloomy before. Now the sun is shining. Haven't you seen? Look!" And, following his gaze, I became aware, for the first time, of a little, dark-eyed slip of a girl sitting in the seat behind the counter which had formerly been occupied by the Signora.

"Ah, a new cashier!" I observed. And then it suddenly dawned upon me.

"Is that the girl—" I began, but Dino's sparkling eyes answered the question even before he began to nod his head. And then a wonderful thing happened. Labani entered the room, hastened to my table and reproached Dino for not waiting upon me more attentively. Dino gave him a resounding clap upon the back, threw his arm around his neck and then, to my consternation, kissed Labani upon the cheek.

"What you think I find?" cried Dino, turning to me. He pointed to the dark-eyed girl who was now smiling upon us. "I ask her to marry me and all the time I don't know she is Tito Labani's sister. That's good joke. Hey?"

They were all smiling now, Labani, Dino and the dark-eyed girl and I could not refrain from smiling myself. But there came a quick thought—sharp as a stab—which dimmed my merriment. Why could not all hatred end like this?

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BERTIE (*to draft officer*): I say now, if you ask me any more of those silly questions I won't join your bally army at all; really I won't, so there!

A Lesson from "The Little Teacher"

(*Continued from page 15*)

her pictures, and personally I prefer her looks to those of the irreproachable beauty. You wouldn't call her exactly pretty, and yet she is something far better in the films. Don't you think so?"

I certainly did think it.

"I had four weeks of the pictures," said Miss Ryan, "and that is all. You see 'Stop Thief' was a Cohan and Harris play, or I might never even have had that experience. If I needed money badly, I should seek picture work, and probably find it. The height of my ambition ——"

(I had forgotten to ask that ever essential question, beloved of all professional "chatters.")

"— is to play a spiritual part. Oh, I should love that, and I *must* do it some day. I should like to appear in a play resembling 'Peter Grimm,' and I believe that I could be very successful in such drama. That is what I am looking forward to. The stage needs as many of those plays as it can get, and there will always be a public for them."

"Not the musical comedy public," I remarked sapiently.

She laughed. "Not exactly," she acquiesced. "Oh, by-the-bye, the play I first appeared in, in New York — I mentioned it as 'The Forbidden Land' — was a musical comedy — they called it a 'Tibetan' musical comedy, and in that, I had to sing. It was my first and only offense. I don't suppose there is a living soul today who remembers it — except you."

Except me! Unfortunately I can dig up my old programmes, and blazon forth all sorts of horrid truths. Some day I think I shall burn the hateful old records, and start life anew, believing all that is told me, and asking for nothing more. Of course in the case of Mary Ryan nothing matters. She has nothing to conceal, and if she had — wouldn't conceal it. The others would feel more at home if they knew that I was a blank slate.

I told this to Mary Ryan as I left her, and she smiled her wistful smile. She said that in the old days, I had always amused her, and that I had such a happy nature, which I didn't argue. But I wondered!

Dinner hour in the home of Herr Doktor Essenchnitzel, Professor of Ethics at Berlin University.

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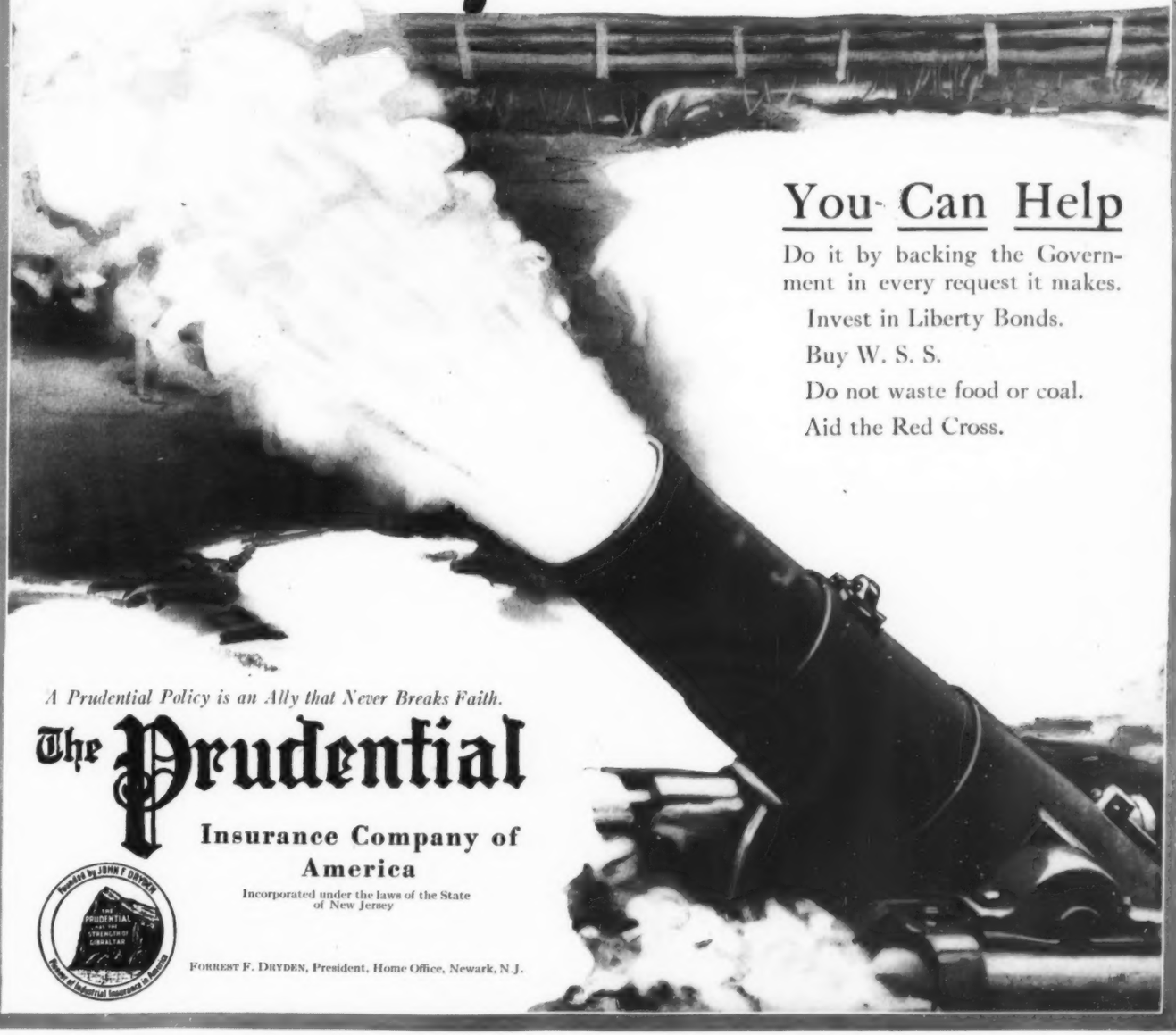
INDEPENDENCE DAY

ALL OVER THE WORLD



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